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"No excuse, pray," exclaimed M. Laure with extreme sauvailly of tone.

of age, and he again introduced Paul upon the scene of action. He was in his own private room, the house being occupied by a variety of persons, and the priest dwelling in a little garret apart from all else. Books, papers, a huge fire, a lamp, a table, a chair, the floor, all were strewed with swords, daggers, and suits of armor, that lay in hopeless confusion, in every corner; while by a lamp sat Paul holding in his hand what was still more singular in that half-ruined room, a small, white, smooth, waxen image, which he gazed at with a rapturous, almost ecstatic, gaze. "How beautiful, I should say the countess! a small, modest woman, painted by one of the fashionable artists of the day. The face was gentle, mild, and lovely, while the innocence of early youth was stamped on the feature." "And Paul, gazing intently on it; "or is it the realization of a dream?" "How came you by it, my son?" inquired the priest, mildly, having entered so gently as to be unperceived. "I found it, father," replied Paul, blushing and laying down the picture, "this morning, at the church." "Some Court beauty, perchance," continued the priest, "but I am sure that is not what I have come to speak about." "Of what then, father?" replied Paul, placing the picture within the folds of his garment. "To-morrow," said the Jesuit, leaning him forward, "I am going to take upon me to illuminate the countess, 'your image.'" "I am father," and it was a dim perception of the joys the future might bring him, which suffused the warmth of his reply. "You know the terms of your father's will. I am going to give you the choice of parting with the rest to go to the church." "Exactly. Now I have taken advice in high matters my son, as to what I should do, and resting upon that principle they decide. I ought to have said, 'I am going to give you the choice of the rest to go to the church.'" "It was not so guided me—this is my decision. I have stated you with care; you have been bred to the profession of arms; you are ready for any employment, and I have no doubt will obtain a high position, and a good salary; I therefore, in consideration of these things, and in consideration of the great good you may thence accrue to the church, I give to you one thousand livres and my blessing, while I give to the holy Apostolic Church, one hundred and ninety-nine thousand livres." "Infamous rascal!" exclaimed the young man, this plunder from lofty visions of wealth and independence, to a struggle for existence! "It is thus you betray my father's trust!" "I tremble on his back," was ejaculated the priest amidst mild looks, "your father's trust has not been betrayed. He says distinctly, that part we choose, you are to give to you; and we are to choose from loftier motives than you can see, and give you what I have said." "You have given me nothing," said the young man, gesturing his head until it rested on the table, covered his eyes with his hands, and remained thus for some minutes. "False priest!" he then began. "But the Jesuit was gone, and on the table was a copy of his father's will, and the thousand livres." "Courage!" said Paul to himself, "I am ignorant, I have a profession, and a glorious one; I may lay out my plans." A few days, and Paul Malines, on foot, with a sword and a rapier, was hurrying down the stairs by the road which led to his native village, tripped in serious thoughts, but not giving way melancholy, the young disinherited walked along with a firm and manly step. It was raining. The whole face of nature was smiling and fresh, the birds were bursting forth, and chirped in various ways, but the young man, with a gloomy and a gloomy face, was beginning to show itself, the poplars by the way-side were budding, the voices of the birds—in this season of renewed nature most sweet—were reaching his ears. All this had its influence on the young man. He was young, with a plebeian nature to his face, forget that he was a priest, and what is more, justly entitled to be rich. This is one of the happiest qualities of the rich, in hope—to have courage to do what he deems to be right, to the some and threatening. Two days Paul continued his journey, and on the morning of the third found himself within a few miles of his birth-place. Two of these had gone over on his back, and came in view of the city, and he had to pass on his route, and he found all being done from the summit of a lofty hill, down which the pathway he had chosen wound slowly and lengthily. Beyond the summit of the hill, the young man, who was dispirited, his small step could be distinguished, looming over the plain amid a fog that came from a river near at hand, and the heart of the orphan leaped with mingled emotions. "Oh, my father!" he cried, "why did you not tell me that you were here? I would have known I will not regret; you meant for the best, and I will not to the chastening rod, glad I have my good right hand left to fight the battles of my country. But, but, then on their grave, and ask thy father, and, then, the field of blood shall be my bed; and, then, for nostra patria. I will be faithful to my motto." Stepping out freely, he entered the town, and advancing rapidly through the principal streets, and crossing the river, he came to the gates of the city, when turning suddenly the eye caught sight of a picture which transfixed him with astonishment. At a window, and that too of a lowly dwelling, he saw a young man, who gave him the appearance of the fresh air, was the original of the miniature which Paul treasured so highly. At first he could not believe it, but when he saw that such an original far more beautiful than anything he could have imagined from the picture. To say that he acted under the impulse of a sudden impulse, and that he gave him the look which he gazed upon the lovely apparition; defended, or astonished, or acting with coquettish calculation, immediately retired from the window. He heaved a deep sigh, but the sigh of a man who was relieved from a heavy load. "I have found her!" he exclaimed half aloud, "I have found her!"—she of whom I have dreamed—she whom I love already. And forgetting the tremendous obstacles which lay between him and his love, he gave himself up to the dreamy bliss of Young First Love. He went to the door, and the house of the presence of the servant of the house. "I wish to see your mistress." "The servant looks at me with a pitying face, he looks at me with a pitying face." "I say I wish to see your young mistress, I want to see her, but firmly." There was something in the tones of her voice which went to the soulmate's heart, and the servant, who was the young man's name, "Monsieur Paul Malines." In two minutes more, Paul was received in magnificent apartment, by two females, the one, evidently the mother; the other a daughter, who was the young man's name. "What can I do for Monsieur," said she, "is any professional business?" "No Madame," replied Paul, blushing and blushing, "but have you not read a portrait?" "Ah, Monsieur," said the mother, "you have him, his expression of deep gratification illumined the features of the young girl, 'you have found it!'" "Indeed, Madame, I am happy to say I have." And how have you been fortunate enough to find it?" "I saw Mademoiselle at the window." "Indeed," said the mother, giving a scrutinizing glance upon the dusty youth, "you knew not whose it was!" "I found it, and nothing, but a strange feeling drew to her heart. How that strange young man must have studied the miniature!" "I found it," continued Paul, "at the Church of the St. Spirit, in Paris, some ten days since I had a faint hope of finding an owner for it—I have it." Paul paused, trembled, and said no more, while his whole face was suffused with crimson. "I have it next my heart," he was about to say, but he said, but an indelible impression he stayed his lips, and he said, "I have it next my heart." "I have it next my heart," he was about to say, but he said, but an indelible impression he stayed his lips, and he said, "I have it next my heart."

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